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Trinity Tablet, January 26, 1884

Trinity College

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The Trinity Tablet.

VOL. XVII.

HARTFORD, CONN., SATURDAY, JAN. 26, 1884.

NO. I.

The Trinity Tablet.

*Published every three weeks during term-time by
the Students of*

TRINITY COLLEGE.

BOARD OF EDITORS—CLASS OF '85.

Managing Editor, - - WM. D. McCrackan.

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H. LILIENTHAL, '86,

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THE TRINITY TABLET,

P. O. BOX 398,

HARTFORD, CONN.

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of Brown & Gross, 79 Asylum St., and S. W. Barrows
& Co., 397 Main St., and at H. J. H., Trinity College.*

THE present board of editors begin their labors this year under auspicious circumstances. With the increased prosperity of the college has come an ambition among the students to keep pace with its efforts and the new dress of the TABLET is one of the fruits. Everything will now be done that the literary merit of the paper may not fall below its artistic merit. No changes will be made in the arrangement of the interior, as in so far as we can judge that has always been one of the strong points in our favor. It only remains, therefore, to perfect as far as possible the reading matter, both in style and quality and adapt it to the wants and tastes of students and alumni. Our editorials will be made of readable length, conforming to the subject treated, but the average will be mod-

erately short. We think that to say what we have to say and to say it briefly is better than to draw an article out of its proper proportions for the sake of filling up. The former method will certainly be more desirable, and we are sure will have more weight and make a much better impression.

The literary part—that is the poems and stories—are always open to improvement. For this reason we earnestly solicit from the undergraduates contributions for this purpose, all of which will receive careful consideration. The students have been appealed to so often in this matter that it is without much hope of success that we ask it once more. Great care will be taken with the different departments to have them as full and accurate as possible and more especially for the sake of our alumni subscribers, we hope any “personals” which the students may have or know of will be handed in to us. To effect all the improvements we desire we must have the hearty co-operation of the students and we hope that there is not a man in college who is not a subscriber. With these few preliminary remarks, we begin upon our labors, which we hope will result so as to afford great pleasure to ourselves, and satisfaction to our readers.

THE oratorical prize contest is soon to come off and as the prizes are offered by the students, they must not forget to help the committee by willingly and freely contributing. The demand is not great and certainly falls within the means of all.

WE are glad to be able to state that the committee appointed recently for raising funds are meeting with most satisfactory success. Many thousand dollars have already been subscribed and a good deal more is promised. Certainly the alumni are waking up to the fact of our improvement and it is gratifying that they are showing their hearty interest in this way.

WE are glad to note the return of Dr. Pyncheon and Dr. Bolton, who have been enjoying a six months' vacation. Dr. Pyncheon has been travelling in the South and Dr. Bolton has made an extended tour in Europe. They both resume their labors with renewed energy, and the Seniors will undoubtedly enjoy the work in their respective departments.

LAST term some active measures were taken by the athletic association to encourage gymnasium practice; Mr. Chase made a physical examination of a large number of students, and the gymnasium was put in thorough repair. We are glad to see some following out Mr. Chase's instructions, but wish to arouse others also to follow their example. The secretary of our athletic association has received a notification of the meeting of delegates to the Inter-Collegiate Association, and this reminds us that whether or not we send delegates or competitors to the I. C. A., we shall have a field meeting of our own in the spring, and it is necessary to begin training now if we wish to achieve any records of which Trinity may be proud.

THE University of Pennsylvania recently sent a general challenge to all the colleges offering to compete for the championship in an eight oared race and in case the challenge was not accepted to claim for herself the right of holding the championship. The result of this action will be curiously watched by all. Perhaps the University feels that she has been so calmly snubbed by the other colleges, that it will take some master stroke of this kind to gain their attention. There is after all a certain justice in it and we should be very glad to see another element in the college boat races which might hold as important a position as Yale and Harvard occupy now. We understand that for some reason or other the Harvard eight cannot accept and an attempt is to be made to form another eight who may be able to row. We hope that this is true for it would be unfortunate that the challenge should remain neglected, and no effort made to ascertain how much ability there is behind the somewhat boasting offer of the University.

THE Senior class are to be congratulated on the harmony and unanimity with which they have made their class-day appointments. It has been always the custom to consider these elections as occasions for much disputing and wrangling. Former classes have done it and it was supposed that the rule would not be broken. '84 has, strange to say, never enjoyed the reputation of being a harmonious class and was supposed to be cliquey. But their recent action shows that their bond of union was stronger than generally supposed and that when called to action they did their part well. The appointments also are most admirable, each man seeming to be peculiarly fitted by his talents for the place given him and we are sure that the day on which they carry out the part allotted them will be one long to be remembered for its excellence.

THE Sunday services at the College Chapel are very pleasant and hearty, and the music is an important feature. This is especially attractive to our city friends, who greatly enjoy hearing men's voices. But, when in the midst of a chant or hymn, the organ, after giving a few expiring groans, ceases to sound, owing to lack of wind, the effect is certainly not pleasing; nor does it seem to us to add dignity to the worship. If we understand rightly, the bellows are pumped by a water motor, which receives its supply from a tank above; the water only filling the tank through the night, and ceasing to run through the day. If the organist happens to play heavily, the water goes out rapidly, and is liable to fail at any moment. Is there not some way by which a constant and sufficient supply may be obtained? Cannot the flow into the tank be kept up in the day-time on Sunday? The Faculty have manifested a great interest in the chapel music, and the choir is very grateful for the favors they have shown it. We hope they will see to it, that this remaining evil is remedied, so that the voices may be accompanied with the full organ at all times, without our having an ever present fear of there being a dead silence on the part of the instrument.

THE next number of the TABLET will be issued Saturday, February 16, 1884.

IT is with pleasure that we note the improvement in our chapel choir. Members of the Glee Club have undertaken to sing at the chapel services, and instead of empty choir seats, or, at best but two or three singers, we have both sides of the chancel occupied. The music at the Sunday services is greatly improved through the energy of the precentor and the choir. Formerly the singing was of the scantiest, but now with Sunday morning service in the chapel as well as afternoon, we have entered upon a new line—that of advance.

While the subject of a surpliced choir is being agitated in one of the city churches with a probability of success, it seems that it would be worth an effort to introduce a surpliced choir into our Sunday services. This addition would make the services more attractive and impressive. Last term we had at times a fair representation of townspeople at our Sunday morning services, and if it were generally known that we had here at college a surpliced choir, many more would undoubtedly be influenced to attend. The townspeople are wont to forget at times that there is a college, owing to our distant location, and unless we give some indication of life and progress, it is evident we cannot expect them to remember us. The keynote of the times is "Forward."

ELSEWHERE in our colums we print a communication from one of our alumni strongly advocating the institution of regular annual reports of the President and other officers connected with the college; this report to be printed in pamphlet form, and circulated as are the annual catalogues. It is an admirable suggestion and will, we think, meet with the hearty support of the undergraduates. As our correspondent so ably argues it is precisely what Trinity needs. The plan has only lately been adopted by Harvard and Yale, but since its adoption there has been a marked increase in the interest and zeal of the graduates and friends of those colleges, and—what is still more to the point—in the funds. Some time ago there appeared in the *Nation*, an article having some bearing on this question, and which seems to us well worth quoting: "The objection to secrecy or at least non-publicity about the accounts of the college is, that the

public, on the well known principle of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, always imagine it to be much richer than it really is, and the prevalence of this feeling prevents that public interest in its needs and doings, without which no college in this country can prosper and exert a legitimate influence." We broach this subject in our editorial columns, chiefly to say that the TABLET is warmly in favor of the proposition, and to urge the Trustees and Faculty to give the question their serious consideration, for we are convinced that the plan would prove eminently beneficial to Trinity. If we wish to keep alive the renewed interest among our alumni, the very best agent would be the introduction of this report system.

ALL will acknowledge the justice of the old saying, "a fair exchange is no robbery." Our principle then is established and we have only to present the application. It is in regard to our advertisers that we wish to speak, and here while considering the *Ivy* as well as the TABLET we can offer a few arguments which will appear, we think, forcible to all. There should be among the students a strong feeling concerning this matter and they should make it a point to support those who support them. The *Ivy* and TABLET are one of the representative college enterprises, hence it ought to be a subject of real and individual concern to the undergraduates to make these publications reflect credit upon the college. But they are both largely dependent upon advertisements. It is, therefore, impossible to make improvements from year to year to enable them to hold their position among college publications, unless they are well filled up with paying advertisements. When you go to an old advertiser and he says to you, "It will do me no good to continue my advertisement, my rival here has never advertised one cent's worth, yet he gets more trade than I." When I say, you are met with such answers as this, it is impossible to fill up satisfactorily the advertising columns of the paper. For, the one man gains nothing by advertising and the other has nothing to gain. Let us all then show a true college spirit by applying this principle and bestow all our patronage upon those who are willing to make the "fair exchange" by supporting our publications.

THE CYNIC.

I.

Once I met a girl named Belle ;
 She was very swell,
 And I loved her well.
 Round my heart she wove a spell,
 And I could not quell
 Love for her, Ma Belle.

II.

When I looked upon her face,
 Full of nameless grace,
 Stamped with breeding's trace,
 Beat my heart at passion's pace,
 Ran my blood a race,
 Cupid giving chase.

III.

So I called on her at last,
 And my words flowed fast
 As the die was cast.
 Down upon me swept the blast ;
 Out from me she passed,
 Leaving me aghast.

IV.

ENVOI.

Brother, con this lesson old ;
 Be not over-bold.
 Let your heart grow cold,
 And with me this maxim hold :
 Love is bought and sold
 In an age of gold.

THOSE THREE OLD GENTLEMEN.

There were three old gentlemen who used to sit at a table near me. The Hotel—one of New York's best—was not very crowded at this time of the year, and the three afforded much amusement to the few who ate near them. They appeared to possess radically different characters as they certainly were of radically different appearances, but there was one characteristic which served to make them companionable and,—well, amusing. They wanted to talk.

The most prominent of the three was Colonel Talbot. This gentleman was so constructed that he could not sit very close to the table and, therefore, was carefully covered with napkins which received all the food which dropped from his knife, fork or spoon on its way to his mouth. He was very tall as well as fat, and this fact made the journey

of the food all the more precarious. He talked very much and very loud. His conversation embraced everything of interest to himself. He was very affable and joked with the waiter who had instruction to laugh respectfully at the Colonel's jokes, for the Colonel was rich and a splendid patron. This wretched waiter was a good natured individual of Irish extraction. His face, from continual suppression of bursts of laughter, had two long creases by the mouth. These, when his face was at rest, gave him a most pathetic expression. He was, therefore, one moment seemingly overcome with hilarity and the next oppressed with melancholy. Something like the king in "The Mascot" who was merry "but it did not come from the heart."

The next worthy, in order of importance, was a Mr. Norris—a retired business man. An old white haired gentleman who looked as though he ought to inspire reverence but who failed to do so. He had just enough brains to systematically contradict the Colonel, but not enough to do it successfully, for the Colonel got off some pretty good arguments occasionally. Mr. Norris, however, persistently contradicted him—not out of spite, but principle. His own social position demanded it. Talbot was very well in his way but he was only a successful miner. Had discovered a mine in California and returned East with wealth and the title of Colonel. So Mr. Norris whose name had once been connected with the great business enterprises of the city and who had risen by quiet, stupid, persistency from a clerk in Wall Street, with \$850 a year, felt it his duty to show fight against that upstart the Colonel. Besides he felt that a man who ate like the Colonel ought not to appear to direct the conversation of the table. Had they but known it, they neither of them led the conversation, but our third worthy, the quiet little gentleman, who sat at the other side of the table, who was so polite, and who drank his St. Julien so regularly.

Mr. Duval was his name—a Frenchman by birth but long since naturalized. He had been exiled when quite a young man, for socialistic opinions, had invested a small sum in Wall Street, realized large profits, and wisely withdrawn his money in time to save it from the panic of '73. Thoroughly cleansed of his socialistic opinions, he now lived quietly yet most comfortably at the hotel. A little office

down town where a clerk took care of his money matters, and where his mail always awaited him, gave Mr. Duval enough to do as regards business. For the rest of the day he seemed merely to amuse himself. With a Frenchman's love for the theatre he saw everything on its first night, and continued to see it till he was tired, then went somewhere else. He had no taste for music but could talk very well on the subject. With no special hobby he studied how to be always at his ease on any topic of conversation—and he succeeded. It was he who would throw out some casual remark, that the Colonel might have an opportunity of laying down a proposition which would be instantly contradicted by Mr. Norris, and so the subject launched into the conversation. Mr. Duval, for instance, looking at his newspaper, would say: The Democratic party I see is going to take up free trade for the bone of contention.

Colonel Talbot: No sir, you are mistaken, the Democratic party knows too well on which side its bread is buttered. It can be laid down as a proposition that no party with such ideas can be successful. You understand, do you not, Mr. Norris? Tell me when I go too deep for you.

Mr. Norris: Really, what you say seems to me absurd, for how can——?

At such a juncture the Colonel, seeing that his position was untenable, would clear his throat. It meant something when the Colonel cleared his throat. Conversation was cut off. The glasses on the table would rattle and play a tune, the dishes crowd together as though afraid. The two gentlemen would remain perfectly silent and aghast, while the waiter would hastily hand him a glass of water, which the Colonel would faintly refuse but would end by thankfully accepting some of Mr. Duval's St. Julien. On his recovery Mr. Duval always changed the subject by a new reference to his newspaper. And so they would pass the meal. On getting up from the table the Colonel would cast a pleasant smile about the room and stalk out closely followed by Mr. Norris who was just going to corner him had he not hastily risen from the table. Mr. Duval would follow them for a few steps with an amused smile and then stop to speak to one of his numerous lady friends.

It afforded me much amusement to watch

the different parts which they played, and I enquired of the head-waiter what he knew about them. He told me as much as I have mentioned above but added that Mr. Duval was considered by many people a mystery, "a deep one, sir, and not to be trifled with."

OMAR.

REVERIE.

Dreaming, I sat in my easy chair,
While the log on the embers burned;
And I thought of the bliss of a bachelor's life,
With its freedom from care and worry and strife,
And the sorrows each day to be learned.

With grim delight, I placed in the scale
Of the balance my mind had formed
The tortures and trials which fall to the lot
Of the man who jumps into the water when hot,
And finds himself more than warmed.

The great expense came into my mind
In the shape of honeymoon bills;
Of the house to be found, or the flats to be sought;
Of the millions of things that have to be bought,
From sofas and bureaus to pills.

Those weary tramps with colicky babes;
A breakfast half cooked in the morn;
The sorrowful face of a tired out wife;
A list of her errands—those bothers of life
That makes one's existence forlorn.

One side of the scale I heaped up full,
Adding many a thought beside
Of the gulf 'twixt marriage and bachelorhood,
As the subject I thought I quite understood;
And the chasm appeared very wide.

When, lo! by a wierd strange freak of thought,
Queer changes came over my dream.
A vision of white, with the brown interlaced,
And a glitter of blue could distinctly be traced,
With a shimmer of sparkle and gleam.

Fondly I gazed as the vision cleared,
And I watched the mist take form,
When the brown, which resolved into wavy hair,
And the snowy dress and the blue eyes fair
Took completely my heart by storm.

Then I kissed in thought those ripe, red lips,
And I smoothed the rich brown hair;
And I placed this maid in the opposite scale,
When, lo! as in the old philosopher's tale,
The other flew high in the air.

MALC.

MY NIGHT AT THE MILL.

About a quarter of a mile from my father's house, which stood on one of a long range of hills, there ran a small mountain stream. The road that led from our house to the meadows on the southern side of the run, crossed it just below the mill. The mill was old—very old, I believe. When you have pictured to yourself a square brick building, three stories high, with a very green and mouldy shingle roof, and an equally green and mouldy water-wheel at one side, which made the mill look like Noah's ark with paddle-wheels—when you see such a picture, you have seen our old grist mill.

How dense the undergrowth all about. And see that little cottage up on the cliff, overlooking the glassy mill-pond. That is the miller's home. Just here the surroundings are wild and romantic. The splash of the water falling over the old dam onto the rocks below—the moaning of the wind stealing around the crag and hiding among the willows down in the ravine—how lonely it all is! And as I stood there, twenty years ago, on that awful night, how wierd—how dismal it all was. I was travelling through the Blue Ridge mountains and, as my tramping carried me within a three-days' walk of my old home—long since burned—I thought I would change my plans somewhat, and visit the scenes of long ago. I knew that I could count upon a welcome at the miller's. Many a night, when a boy, I had slept there. No doubt the very same feather bed in the attic chamber was smooth and mountainous as ever—if the terms can be applied to the same object. I reached the mill at sunset. How I remember it! As I expected, it was closed, but there were great drops of water still clinging to the wheel. I wonder if they were trying to give it just one more turn. When I got to the house I was disappointed. There was nobody there. No light came out as of old through the little half-curtains at the kitchen windows. Twenty-seven years before I had said good-bye to the old people, and to the young people—the miller had a son and daughter. Twenty-seven years! A long time. I had never thought that in all these years the old people might have,—nay must have—died. But the children? John and Nancy—they must certainly be alive.

I sat down to wait. By the way that the moon was climbing up into the heavens, I knew that it must be about nine o'clock, when I heard a dog bark, and the crunching of the gravel at the ford under the wheels of some vehicle. Still nobody came. Fifteen minutes wore away. I arose and commenced to walk slowly down toward the mill. As I reached a point where the path turned so that the mill came into view, I noticed that there was a light in the window. I knew it must be John. So I quickened my pace. But I had not gone twenty feet when I saw flames burst from several of the windows, and the next instant the sharp crack of a pistol startled the night air. Drawing my own revolver I rushed to the now burning building. A woman was shrieking for help. I thought in the excitement that I could recognize Nancy's voice. Two men sprang at that moment from the door nearest me. One of them staggering, fell not two yards from me. The other now noticing me raised his weapon. But the flames at that moment, having licked their way to the roof, shot up high into the air. We saw one another's faces. Something told him not to fire. We drew nearer together, saying nothing—each spell bound. "John," I was the first to speak. "Harry," he gasped, "what in heaven's name brings you here? Is it you? It cannot be? I am crazy, God pity me!" "John I said, it *is* I. Look; see it is your old friend Harry Lockwood." All that the poor man could answer was "Thank God! But, go, she's in there." I knew what he meant. Nancy was in the burning mill. Bounding to the door I tried to enter, but the smoke and a sheet of living flame drove me back. There was a little door leading to the mill office. In a moment I was by it. I pushed. There was a heavy thud, as of a body falling. I knew instinctively that it was Nancy. Blinded and choking I stooped and lifted her lifeless form and rushed out of the building. John had crawled a hundred yards up the hill and now lay apparently dead, with the moon-light and that terrible glare playing over his broad white face. Struggling under my burden I reached the house and breaking in the door I laid her down on the floor of the kitchen. I then returned for her brother. Before many moments passed I had John sitting weak and bewildered in his father's old chair by the

hearth. Still another duty called me to the mill. The man, he whom I had seen stagger and fall—what had become of him? As I ran down toward the spot where I thought he had fallen, the north wall of the mill bulged outward in the center, trembled an instant—seemed to regain the perpendicular—and then fell toward me with a rumbling, heart-sickening crash. He was buried in the mass. All aid was powerless. I returned to the house. My left hand and my neck were burned terribly. My coat was literally torn from me. My heart beat fast and heavy. It seemed a horrid night-mare, John said nothing as I entered. We sat looking at one another. Nancy we had carried to her bed—the same old feather-bed, in the attic chamber. An hour or even more passed in silence. Then I said looking at the man, and trying to see in his burly form, and shaggy beard, the boy friend of so many years ago—“John, tell me all about it? What does all this mean? Who was that man?” John looked at me quietly. He seemed to be trying to assure himself that the man opposite him was indeed Harry Lockwood. Then he closed his eyes and told me. “Fifteen years ago, Harry, the mill was robbed. It was a night just like this. Father and mother and Nancy and I had gone to the Court House to do some trading and to visit Grandmother Hopkins. We reached the run at nine, and Father saw a light in the mill office. Jumping out of the wagon he ran to the window. He saw a man breaking open the money drawer. The next minute we heard a shot, and then a man galloped past us. Harry, it was *you!* You or your image. He was laughing, just as you used to laugh. Mother, Nancy, *all* of us shouted at once that it was Harry Lockwood. But of course it was not. We found Father dead. Mother, poor old mother, died a week after. How could she live? Nancy and I have lived here ever since. I have run the mill. To-day we drove to the Court House to trade and to take tea at Parson Grubbins’. About eight o’clock Nancy said she felt bad and asked me to come home. I agreed and we harnessed the team, and with old Tiger, the dog, running ahead of us, we trotted homewards. Nancy was very quiet. “What’s the matter that worries you?” I says. “Nothin’, John, nothin’.” “There is something or ’nother,

Nancy,” says I. “Well,” says she, “John, I feel just like I did the night Pa was killed.” I told her she was a foolish old thing, and we drove along without more words, ’till we got to the ford. Tiger began to bark and whine. I drove through the water faster than usual, and when we got opposite the mill Nancy, says “John! Look, there’s a light in the office winder! I knew it! I knew it!” I took my pistol from my pocket and cocked it. The horses had stopped and were sniffing the air in evident uneasiness. I walked quickly and with no noise to the window, Nancy close behind me. A man was breaking open my desk. I raised to fire, but Nancy grabbed my arm, whispering hoarsely, “It’s Harry, it’s Harry!” I muttered that she was a fool, and aiming again I fired. As I did so the man who had been bending over the desk, stood up straight and turned toward the window. Only an instant, but that instant I saw that it was you. Then I saw the blood spurt from a wound in his forehead. He rushed from the office, upsetting the oil lamp. The oil flamed up instantly and the old mill was ablaze. I followed the man and saw him fall, and then—and then”—here John began to tremble—“and then I saw another man running from the house. It was *you* again, Harry. I had just killed you, but there you were waving your hand to me not to fire. Nancy shrieked—you rushed into the flames—and—and—; you know the rest, Harry.” John stopped and looked at me. He was quivering like a leaf. I arose and went to him, and he murmured “Nancy is dead—is dead, and the mill is gone—is gone; and I—” As he said the last word, he rose, looked fiercely about and without, another syllable, fell heavily on the hearth at my feet. The thump of that falling man seemed to shake every nerve in me until it throbbed again. And it didn’t stop. Thump! Thump! Thump!—What! Where am I? What is that thumping and who is that calling? “I say, Harry, get up you lazy, good-for-nothing! Come, get up. I have been at the mill these two hours, and Nancy’s breakfast is getting cold.” It was the voice of my old friend the miller’s son. “Yes, John, yes,” I called back. The sun was pouring into the little window. The birds were chirping and twittering madly out in the willow trees. Like a boy getting out of school, I jumped

from the old feather bed in the attic chamber. All that day and many a time since have I lived over again the thrilling scenes. The old mill wheel is still creaking as it turns and turns and turns. John is an old man now and Nancy an old woman. I have visited the little cottage often, and each time I have slept in the attic room, but never have my dreams carried me away as they did on that wonderful night, twenty years ago.

COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

STUDENTS.

JARVIS HALL.

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- 7 { E. B. Hatch,
- 8 { J. Mc. C. Hays.
- 8 { A. C. Hamlin.
- 9 { S. T. Miller.
- 9 { S. Hendrie.
- 10 { F. M. Vermilye.
- 11 { R. Thorne,
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- 12 { E. S. Van Zile,
- 12 { G. S. Waters.

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- 29 { H. Lilienthal.
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- 31 { W. B. Olmsted.
- 32 { G. E. Magill,
- 32 { C. H. Tibbits Jr.

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- 34 { H. R. Neely,
- 34 { A. D. Neely.
- 35 { A. Codman.
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- 37 { W. A. Beardsley,
- 37 { F. B. Whitcome.
- 38 { S. S. Mitchell,
- 38 { M. K. Coster.

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- 42 { F. E. Haight.
- 43 { L. H. Stone.
- 44 { C. G. Child,
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JARVIS HALL.

FIRST SECTION.

- 1-6 Prof. H. Ferguson.

MIDDLE SECTION.

- 21 Prof. L. M. Cheesman,
- Ph. D.
- 22 Prof. S. Hart.

SEABURY HALL.

MIDDLE SECTION.

- 12 Dr. Bolton's Office.
- 13 President's Office.
- 14 Prof. I. T. Beckwith,
- Ph. D.
- 15 Mr. C. F. Johnson's
- Office.

LECTURERS.

The Rt. Rev. John Williams,
D.D., LL.D., Middletown.
W. A. M. Wainwright, M.D.,
453 Main St.
W. Hamersley, 297 Main St.
C. D. Scudder, M. D. 20 E.
31st St., New York City.

ADDITIONAL.

J. Brocklesby, LL.D., Prof.
Emeritus, City Hotel.
Rev. J. H. Barbour, Librarian,
490 Farmington Ave.
C. E. Graves, Treasurer, 39
Pearl St.
F. Anderson, Janitor, 39 Jarvis
Hall.

JARVIS HALL.

40 Reading Room.
Middle Section, Mail Box.

SEABURY HALL.

- 1 College Chapel.
- 2 Latin Room.
- 4 Dining Hall.
- 5 English Room.
- 7 Chemical Room.
- 6 Greek Room.
- 9 Mathematical Room.
- 25 Moral Philosophy
- Room.
- 29 Library.
- 28 Cabinet.
- 31 Natural Philosophy
- Room.

NEW ENGLAND ALUMNI.

The annual meeting of the New England Alumni Association was held on Wednesday last in this city at the residence of the President, Dr. Wainwright. Officers were elected for the next year, as follows: President, Dr. W. A. M. Wainwright, '64; Secretary, Dr. W. D. Morgan, '72; Treasurer, R. H. Curtis, '68. Executive Committee—the President; Rev. J. J. McCook, '63; Rev. W. F. Nichols, '70; and Rev. P. H. Whaley, '74. After the transaction of routine business, the members of the association had an informal conference with President Smith in regard to matters of general interest, and were handsomely entertained by Dr. Wainwright.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

The Seniors are having a very interesting course of lectures in chemistry under Dr. Bolton.

'84 have chosen Stuart as their class photographer.

The oratorical appointments will be made in '84 on Wednesday, in '85 on Thursday, and in '86 on Tuesday.

Under Dr. Cheesman's energetic care, the department of Natural Philosophy is being greatly improved. A large amount of new apparatus has been bought, and the lecture room has been made much more convenient for practical experiments.

Captain Williams intends to give a benefit to the students at the Rink before long.

The first Glee Club concert of the term is to be given at Windsor next Friday.

The Sophomores are deriving a great deal of pleasure and benefit from the French *soirees* at the residence of Mr. McCook. Similar German evenings will be started for the Juniors as soon as they are sufficiently advanced.

The New York Alumni Association will hold a meeting at Delmonico's on Tuesday, the 28th inst. A large attendance is expected and a good supper.

THE GERMAN CLUB.

On Tuesday evening was given the third Trinity German of the season, pronounced by those present the most successful of all. It was in many respects an especial occasion, as all the students present appeared in doeskin knickerbockers and silk hose, an innovation which so pleased everyone that they will now be an established custom in the German club. The leaders were Messrs. Thorne, Van Zile, and Miller. Mrs. W. H. Bulkeley and Mrs. J. Knous kindly consented to be present as chaperons. There will be two more given before Lent.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

A meeting of the Missionary Society was held on Tuesday evening last, and officers elected for the ensuing term: President, A. D. Neely, '83; Vice-President, S. T. Miller, '83; Secretary, G. C. Carter, '87; Treasurer, H. Lilienthal, '86.

A report was made in regard to the Scholarship Fund for St. John's College, Shanghai, showing that by February 1st the promised sum of \$650 will have been raised.

CLASS DAY.

The Seniors have decided their Class Day appointments with an unusual degree of harmony. They are: President, E. L. Purdy, New York; Orator, E. S. Van Zile, Troy, N. Y.; Poet, C. McL. Andrews, Wethersfield, Conn.; Presentations, J. M. Brainard, Auburn, N. Y.; Ivy Oration, W. S. Barrows,

Huntington, L. I.; Epilogue, F. F. Russell, Woodstock, Conn. The Class Day committees have been appointed as follows:

Class—Messrs. Buckley (Chairman), Barrows, Johnson, Olmsted, Richardson, Van Zile.

Reception—Messrs. Hills (Chairman), Andrews, Purdy, Van Zile.

Music—Messrs. Magill (Chairman), Hills, Huntington, Sanford, Sedgwick.

Invitation—Messrs. Richardson (Chairman), Andrews, Barrows, Johnson, Russell.

Supper—Messrs. Van Zile (Chairman), Huntington, Magill, Olmsted, Sanford.

Photograph—Messrs. Barrows (Chairman), Brainard, Buckley, Hitchcock, Neely, Sedgwick.

Finance—Messrs. Olmsted (Chairman), Richardson, Purdy, Van Zile.

Class Nominating—Messrs. Neely (Chairman), Barrows, Brainard, Buckley, Olmsted, Van Zile.

CLASS OFFICERS.

The class elections for Trinity term have resulted as follows:

'84. President, F. W. Richardson; 1st Vice-President, W. Stanley Barrows; 2d Vice-President, H. R. Neely; Secretary, F. D. Buckley; Treasurer, J. F. Olmsted; Chronicler, E. S. Van Zile.

'85. President, S. T. Miller; 1st Vice-President, Archibald Codman; 2d Vice-President, H. B. Loomis; Secretary, A. D. Neely; Treasurer, F. D. Lobdell; Chronicler, W. D. McCrackan.

'86. President, L. E. Welch, Jr.; 1st Vice-President, G. E. Beers; 2d Vice-President, E. B. Hatch; Secretary, E. C. Niles; Treasurer, Paul H. Birdsell; Chronicler, W. J. Tate.

'87. President, F. M. Vermilye; 1st Vice-President, J. W. Shannon; 2d Vice-President, G. S. Waters; Secretary, W. H. Barbour; Treasurer, C. E. Deull; Chronicler, C. H. Tibbitts, Jr.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[Communications upon current topics are invited for this column. It is expected that they shall be written in a courteous tone. The writers full name, as well as his *nom de plume*, must accompany the article. The editors do not necessarily approve the opinions expressed.]

To the Editor of the Tablet:

DEAR SIR: I think the suggestion that the alumni should write letters to the TABLET on

college subjects is an excellent one, and I shall adopt it by setting forth a pet hobby of mine. With this hobby, I intend to bore every one connected with Trinity, until I see my wish accomplished, or some one convinces me that I am wrong. It will be hard to convince me, so the safest course will be to give me what I want.

Last commencement the Trustees distributed among the alumni, for the first time, printed statements of the financial condition of the college. I suppose it was the result of a petition which the alumni sent them asking that they would print and distribute a report every year. I feel sure that the circulation of that financial statement increased the interest and confidence of the alumni more than anything else that the Trustees have done. Some years ago, articles were written in various newspapers, and rumors were published making false but very imperious charges against the management of the Trustees. The articles remained uncontradicted; the impression passed from mouth to mouth, and was of course increased by the mystery and lack of information which gave everybody a chance to suppose the worst. Rumors of this sort can never be stopped by mere talk. Nothing but an official investigation, or a reply from the proper authorities, has any effect upon them. In our case, the evil impression prevailed until last June, when the going out of that statement, showing that the funds of the college were safe and well invested, put an end to it; and if the Trustees continue to follow the same policy, it will never trouble the college again.

The publication of the college accounts, not only strengthened the affection of the alumni, but it led in one instance, to a more direct and practical result. An alumnus informed me last Autumn, that he had sent his son to Trinity, and that the consideration which turned the balance in favor of Trinity, was that financial statement.

Getting a look at the accounts was a great gain, but it was not all that the alumni's petition called for. They wanted the matter made a settled custom, and a report published every year in the form of a pamphlet, which should contain not only the Treasurer's report, but the reports of the President, the Professors, the Librarians, and perhaps the report of the Board of Fellows, who, though it is not generally known, are a

committee of censors to inquire into the condition of the college. In short, they wanted a full yearly history of the college in print, so that every one could see it. There is nothing new or original about this. It is the plan adopted by the leading colleges of the country. Harvard, Yale, University of Pennsylvania, Johns Hopkins, &c., all have these reports, and even little Bates, though buried in the snows of Maine, sends out its pamphlet every year. They do so because they find that it stops cavil, and satisfies people that the institution is well managed, and above all, because it lets every one know exactly what is needed, so that they can make bequests by will. Colleges get most of their money by last will and testament. But no one gives in this way unless he is interested in the place and knows that it needs money. He is additionally stimulated if he knows precisely what it needs. A report supplies all this. It arouses interest and confidence by telling all about the college, and showing its management and wants.

The name of such a report is usually, "The President's Report." The Treasurer, professors, heads of departments, &c., report to the President, and he submits their reports together with his own, to the trustees or to the alumni. A good name for ours would be "The President's Report to the Trustees and Alumni of Trinity College." By this means, the President and every officer is able to express his views and put himself on record, and to a great extent is bound to do so. It needs no argument to show how great a check this is on incapacity and mismanagement. A yearly report is, to the Trustees, the alumni and the public, a convenient, sure and continual index of college management and welfare.

Our new President, Dr. Smith, has won the support of the alumni whenever they have heard or seen him. It is important that he should influence every one of them. But as yet he has come in contact with only about a quarter of them. I know of no way by which he can reach them all, except by a report. In that he can talk to each one at his ease, and at his leisure, tell him all that Trinity is and all that Trinity wants and all that Trinity intends to do. The President has also certain views on education, and college training, and the college, as a body, has certain opinions on these subjects. I myself

think them very sound, and so do others. But how are they to go for what they are worth? how are they to be useful and gain us a reputation if they are not widely known? There is no better place for promulgating them. It is in this way that President Eliot of Harvard has attained half his eminence. His opinions and those of his officers in the Harvard Report, are waited for every year as the latest and most interesting thought on the science of education. Newspapers review the report as they do books.

Some such statement is sorely needed as an adjunct to the catalogue. The catalogue tells what the college intends to do, but a report would tell what is actually done. The committee to raise money for the college have been put to some trouble by being obliged to get up a report of their own. They could not ask people for money, and not show frankly and fully to what sort of institution they were asked to give. If they did otherwise, they would not get any money, and they would not deserve any. But it is not the committee alone, it is all of us who stand in need of something which tells the whole story. When a man in California thinks of sending his son to Trinity, he must cross the continent to get the necessary information, or what is more likely, send his son somewhere else, because he can find out nothing of the working of the college. We should be able to place in his hands a catalogue, and say, there is what the college proposes to do, and here is a report which shows how that work was done last year, and if you want the reports of former years from which to gather more fully the tone of the place, we will send them to you.

Now all this is the hobby which I mentioned. If it is wrong, and would be an injury to Trinity, I hope that some one will come quickly in the TABLET or elsewhere, and show it so, I shall then immediately take back every word, and apologize. But if it stands unrebuked, I shall continue to ride it.

S. G. F.

PERSONALS.

Married, on December 27, 1883, Mr. Charles F. Johnson, Instructor in English and Rhetoric, and Miss Ellen Frances Terry, of Staten Island, N. Y.

WEAVER, '39. The Rev. Joshua Weaver is at present traveling in Europe.

BOWLES, '48. The Rev. R. H. Bowles, for some thirty years a Baptist minister, was ordained to the Diaconate by Bishop Williams, on the 21st of December, in Trinity Church, Collinsville, Conn.

HOFFMAN, '51. Dr. Charles F. Hoffman is the author of a new and valuable work, called "Days and Nights with Jesus."

VAN ZANDT, '51. C. C. Van Zandt, ex-Governor of Rhode Island, was tendered a reception by the Schuyler Club of Utica, N. Y., a short time ago.

BREWER, '53. The Rev. Alfred L. Brewer, at San Mateo, Cal., has brought his school, St. Matthew's Hall, to such a degree of perfection that it is now superior to any institution of its kind in the State.

VAN DEUSEN, '55. Dr. E. M. Van Deusen has resigned the rectorship of Grace Church, Utica, N. Y., where he has been for the past nineteen years.

VIBBERT, '58. The Rev. W. H. Vibbert, D. D., is one of the trustees of the new theological seminary to be founded at Chicago.

NORTON, '68. The Rev. F. L. Norton, D. D., is about to publish a volume for the use of the clergy, entitled "The Priest's Book."

SHORT, '69. The Rev. William Short has resigned the charge of Holy Trinity Chapel, Brooklyn, N. Y., and become rector at Jackson, Mich.

HUDSON, '71. The Rev. R. Hudson is now at Newport, R. I.

DOUGLAS, '72. The engagement is announced of Miss Ella Dickey, daughter of Judge Hugh T. Dickey, to Rev. George Douglas, of Trinity Parish, New York.

DU BOIS, '74. The Rev. G. M. Du Bois has become rector of St. Andrews' Church, Fort Scott, Kansas.

HUNTER, '78. The address of Charles Hunter, M. D., is 216 West 34th Street, New York City.

WILLSON, '79. The Rev. D. B. Willson preached a sermon in St. James' Church, Lancaster, Penn., on the 6th inst., at the unveiling of two stained glass windows to the memory of his father, the late George Willson.

STONE, '80. The Rev. Morton Stone was ordained to the priesthood in St. James' Church, Chicago, on the third Sunday in Advent.

NELSON, '81. Mr. W. B. Nelson is intending to enter into business, in Hartford, at an early date.

HOFF, '82. Mr. H. Hoff has returned to the Law School at Cambridge, Mass., greatly improved in health.

BROWN, '83. Mr. J. E. Brown is pursuing his theological studies at the Berkeley Divinity School, Middletown, Conn.

NEELY, '84. Mr. H. R. Neely has returned to college after an absence of four months.

The following alumni have visited the college recently: W. E. Curtis, '75; E. D. Appleton, '80; F. R. Curtis, '80; F. L. Wilcox, '80; F. P. Wilcox, '80; C. G. Williams, '80; C. A. Appleton, '82; C. A. Hamilton, '82; G. D. Howell, '82; and J. E. Brown, '83. Also T. R. Fisher, of the class of '62; C. Platt, of '74; E. P. Swenson, of '75; and H. C. Appleton, of '85.

EXCHANGES.

Of course we come back to find a drawer full of exchanges. Do we expect to wade through them all? Not much. Discreetly we pick out a few, at the same time, by way of allaying our conscience, making a mental remark that the others will be examined when their turn comes, which, by the way, is simply determined in most cases by that nimble knave, caprice.

Stories seem in many cases to be written to fill up. Even in the *Advocate* we are led on to the sickening conclusion of a farce by the wonderfully novel way of awakening from a dream. The story, certainly the good story, should have a place in College journalism and if carried out on the right system would serve to cultivate ingenuity without improbability—two qualities which are generally combined.

The first issue of *The Tech* for the present year contains a cut of Christine Nilsson. This is somewhat of a departure, but is by no means a bad one, provided it is not carried too far. Bright and attractive, *The Tech* is somewhat deficient in a practical line, and seldom seems to rise to the inspiration of the bard. We notice that the Glee Club concert was not very well attended on account of the "unfavorable weather." Poor weather! it is the cause of a great many misfortunes because always willing to take the blame in silence. Naturally one would conclude that had there been some other kind of weather, the house would have been packed. Some such stories have been at times wafted forth in the *News*.

One of our pleasantest exchanges is *Outing* and *The Wheelman*. Bright and spicy, it combines a most pleasing exterior with very interesting reading matter. The illustrations are not excelled in any magazine and the various departments are conducted in such a manner as to both delight and instruct the reader.

GENERAL COLLEGE NEWS.

YALE—The athletic grounds contain twenty-nine acres.—There are 1,075 students in all departments.—The Christmas holidays were made one week shorter, and the summer vacations will be one week longer.—The foot ball association has made \$1,400 this season, leaving a surplus of five or six hundred dollars in its treasury.—One student in '81 and two in '85 have each given \$1,000 for the new athletic grounds, and the class of '86 has given \$2,000.—A large number of the young ladies of New Haven attended Prof. Sumner's lecture on political subjects.—The number of eligible candidates for the *Lit.* board is unusually large this year.—Lacrosse is played in the spring instead of the fall as it interferes with foot ball.—A generous addition by Mr. Dent of \$25,000 to the \$50,000, which he had already donated for a chemical laboratory.—The Chicago men returned on a special car with about fifteen young ladies who attend school in New York.

COLUMBIA—The course laid down for young ladies is almost the same as that pursued by the undergraduates.—The library will be open every week day evening, Saturdays and holidays included.—'Eighty-six lost a large number of men on Dec. 1st.—The Glee Club is in a bad way for a warbler and good tenors are also needed.—A member of '86's crew has subscribed \$225 toward paying last year's expenses at New London.—Owing to the fact that no bells are rung in the afternoon, the lectures rarely begin or close on time, which is a source of considerable annoyance to many.—The study of the Arabic language is to be introduced.

PRINCETON—A fencing club is to be formed.—An endowment of \$150,000.—There is a post graduate glee club and orchestra.—The "Adelphi" of Terrence is to be performed, in Latin, this spring by the students, under the supervision of the Prof. of Latin.—Matthew Arnold was made an honorary member of the Whig Club.—The faculty have forbidden the reissue of the *Tiger*.—Twenty-three men of the senior class were conditioned in metaphysics.